

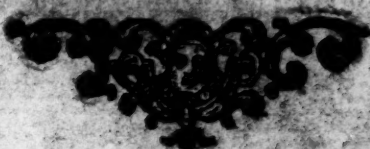
ARSINOE;

OR, THE

Incestuous Marriage.

TRAGEDY.

By *ANDREW HENDERSON*,
Author of the *EDINBURGH History of the late*
REBELLION.



L O N D O N

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OF THE

BRITISH MUSEUM

AND

TRADE

MARKS

REGISTERED



1851

1852

1853

1854

1855

1856

1857

T O

The Right Honourable

EDWARD WALPOLE, Esq;

S I R,

AS I conceived the highest Opinion of your Integrity, Goodness and Mildness of Temper, ever since the Time of an Appearance, by which you did Honour, not only to Britain, but even to human Nature, I thought it my Duty as an Author, to take particular Notice of so Worthy and so Noble a Person.

'Tis with the utmost Pleasure that I can here represent the Virtue of a young Gentleman, who opposed an Event that proved fatal to all concerned. And I hope that the Arguments for Patience in Adversity, and against a brutal Despair, will plead my Excuse, in sheltering this Performance under your august and virtuous Name.

I am,

With the greatest Respect,

Your most obedient, humble Servant,

AND. HENDERSON.

Dramatis Personae.

KING Ptolemy.

Antiochus, *a conquered King.*

Antigonus, *a conquered General.*

Ceraunus, *a Counsellor of King Ptolemy.*

Sostratus, *the Macedonian General.*

Young Ptolemy and }
Seleucus, } *Sons of Lyfimachus by Arsinoe.*

An Ambassador from King Ptolemy.

Chodion, *an Ambassador from Arsinoe.*

A Priest young Plotemy's Guardian.

Ghost of Lyfimachus.

Arsinoe, the Queen.

Olympias and Helen, } *her Maids of Honour.*

With Attendants.

ARSINOE,



AR S I N O E,

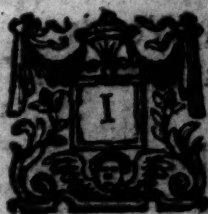
TRAGEDY.

ACT. I.

SCENE I.

Enter King Ptolemy and Sotheneus.

King P T O L E M Y.



S this the Place where was *Ar sine*.
My dearest Sister by a two-fold Tie,
Nature and Constitution? Princes like
Are Brothers, and as such they ought
to live.

None more than I a Sister ever lov'd;
Occasion now presents to prove my Care,
Her Sons to me as my own Children are;
And since the Gods to me no Sons have giv'n,
I think 'tis just I should take Care of her's.

B

What's

What's Life if stript of sacred Friendship's Flame,
 Friendship, that Lustre gives to other Virtues,
 And without which they wholly disappear,
 Stain'd by black Vice. Say, does a Thing exist
 So fair as Friendship, or so charming pure?
 What if the Course of Life was only one
 Continued Act of Friendship? Here's the Good
 I seek; and is there aught to wish beyond?

Soft. Your Words, Great King, declare your
 Majesty.

As Royalty the greatest Splendor is,
 So Goodness is the brightest Gem of Kings,
 Which like a purling Stream that issues forth
 From a pure Fountain watering the Grounds,
 And giving Nourishment to parched Grass,
 Dry'd up with sultry Heats, or Dog-Star's Suns.
 'Tis better than the Honeycomb or Gold,
 Like Oil pour'd on the sorely smarting Wound.
 Trusting your Royal Goodness I have come,
 To shew the great Respect I have for you.
 During our Wars your Virtues I admir'd;
 For why should War obstruct the View of Merit?

Ptol. When drench'd in Gore the crouded Squa-
 drons lay,

And all my Troops dealt horrid Death around,
 E'en then I had Remembrance of you,
 And would not hurt you for a thousand Worlds.

Soft. Great Sir, your Goodness has been vast
 to me,

Your Victories the highest Pleasure yield.
 In my own Foes, I must admire what's brave.
 How striking then, when surely found in Friends?
 What grand Exploits attract my wond'ring Mind?
 Exploits scarce known before, nor can they well
 Be credited, and yet they have been seen:

Antigonus

A T R A G E D Y.

Antigonus is conquer'd, *Phyrrus* too
Is with your Daughter join'd in Nuptial Ties,
And chain'd to her in all the Bands of Love.
Great is my Joy on these and such Events,
But far below the pure extatic Bliss
That fills my Heart, to find in you a Friend;
For *States themselves* could not me satisfy,
Nor Comfort give when you and I were Foes:
A Settlement from you I would intreat;
Since with your Royal Sister you design
To tamper; henceforth I shall this defer;
For why your precious Moments spend with me.

K. Ptol. Well said my Friend; for since your
generous Mind
Prefers my Welfare to your own, I shall
Henceforth protect you by my Sword and Power:
Mean time of all my Troops take the Command,
The Place where lives *Arslinge* is nigh
To my Dominions and my Royal Seat,
What's her's that shall engross my chiefest Care;
She is to me like Heaven, Earth and Air.

Soft. Indeed your Love towards your Sister proves
A Greatness only to be found among
The Gods themselves, but not the vulgar Throng.

K. Ptol. I wish that she for me such Passion had
As I for her, then might we well agree.

Soft. 'Tis like: She always in her Mind retains
The grateful Sense of all your former Deeds:
She's glad to think upon the Method how
You snatch'd the Sceptre from *Seleucus*' Arms:
With Pleasure sees your Sword that never fell
But on the Vile, the Guilty to avenge:
The mangled *Manes* of promiscuous Ghosts
Wand'ring on Banks of *Acheron* and *Styx*,
Have seen in thee Armies with Joy appear,
Dealing the Vengeance due unto their Fall.

K. Ptol. What Joy to me from your Account
results,

A double Joy to what I reap'd before

When conqu'ring all my Royal Sister's Foes ;

A thousand Lives I'd for my Country give :

But Numbers cannot count what Tortures I

Would bear for her with all Death's Darts and
Pangs. *(Exit with an Apology.)*

*Enter Chodion properly introduced with a Letter,
which he delivering says,*

Chod. The Queen your Royal Sister has me sent
With this Epistle written by her Hand,
Not by her Counsellors, nor yet her Clerks
Who sometimes flatter ; this Epistle shews
The inward Sentiments of all her Soul ;
Had not the Length of Space that lies between
Your Realm and her's, she surely would have made
Free with her Constitution, and have come
To compliment, and to converse with you
A KING by all the Universe admir'd :
In this, I than my Royal Mistress am
More happy, and should much rejoice to serve
In some Campaigns under so great a Chief,
That I might learn what yet I want to know
Of Mars's Art, the God-like Art of War !

K. Ptol. How sweet to me my Royal Sister's Name ;
And her Hand-writing ravishes my Heart !
Though I amidst embattled Foes should stand
In dreadful Fights where awful Death devours ;
Though Heaps on Heaps expiring Squadrons lay,
" Whole Nations trampled into Dirt and bruis'd :"
Yea, tho' the Javelin was at my Breast,
And in my Throat the naked Point was plung'd,
I would my Thoughts fix on *Arsinoe* ;
Take Care of what is her's ; thrice happy he
Who shall enjoy her Love —

Chod.

A T R A G E D Y.

Chod. ——— You Sir, and none but you! And
She's past the Nuptial Years, and now she reigns
Triumphant o'er the Whims of gayful Youth,
Rejoicing in the Thought of well-spent Time;
Her Love on you and on her Sons is fix'd.

K. Ptol. All that you say I from her understand
By this Epistle which she wrote to me
This Line to me is like the sweetest Oil,
"Life to my Soul and Marrow to my Bones;"
And still the Favour is enhanced when
On thee I look by whom the same was sent.
Rise, *Chodion* rise, for why thus bend your Knee,
A Warrior I and Fellow-Creature am
By Mildness only Princes can be great;
And if this divine Temper center'd not
Within their Breasts, their very Stations would
To Mortals prove a propagated Curse.

Chod. ——— And so it would;
How beautiful to see a King become
A Pattern to his People and his Sons
An Epitome of Goodness and of Love?
Be pleas'd to know your Royal Sister's Sons
Tread in the Steps of so sublime a Path.

K. Ptol. With your Accounts you still delight
me more;
What further Joy than my dear Sister's Name?
What Love is more intense than mine for her,
Or her's for me beyond a Brother's Love?

Chod. Great Sir, as hitherto I've come to treat
Of Matters of the last Import to you,
Please to appoint with whom I may confer.

K. Pt. In Haste I will with your Request comply,
What can the Queen my Sister ask that I
Won't grant, altho' she should command me die.

Chod. Your Care is all your Royal Sister claims
Both for her Sons and for the States they have;
Another

6 Y A R S I A N O E,

Another Matter your Attention craves,
For see *Antigonus* your Favour asks;
Behold he comes now to confer with you.

(Exit Chodion. *Antigonus enters.*)

K. *Ptol.* Welcome *Antigonus*.

Antig. I at your Royal Footstool bow my Knee,
Begging your Friendship and paternal Care
In Name of all that's dear to me or mine,
My Wife, my Children, and my worthy Friends,
And by the strengthened Ties of former Love
Which once 'twixt you and me subsisted pure,
That you'd regard my Case, and that you'd give
Your Countenance, to me and then I live.

Arfinoe your Sister claims your Care
For me; and be assur'd I'll grateful prove,
For Gratitude the Gods themselves delight,
The Homage due unto your awful Name
I pay, a generous Victor you Lown,
A Tribute to your Merit justly due.

K. *Ptol.* My dear *Antigonus*, let former Broils
In deep Forgetfulness be ever drown'd,
And for the future let us closely join
In all the sacred Bonds of Unions Ties!
And as of old when drench'd in Crimson Gore
We drove our fiery Coursers thro' the Field,
Contending fierce in dreadful Feats of Arms,
Let now the Dispute turn another Way,
And try who shall in Friendship most exceed.

Antig. My Friendship cannot much avail you Sir,
But what I have devoted is to you.

K. *Ptol.* That's all I ask; you need but ask and I,
Will grant it almost to my very Crown;
For what's a King if States around him throng
Imploring Help from his relieving Hand—
If he with *Adamantine* Heart refuse
Succour to those who ask his Royal Care?
Know now my Friend, to help distressed Man

A TRAGEDY.

Is God-like Virtue; how divine the Mind
 That in the Bliss of Millions finds it's own.
 But now some grand Affairs engross my Care,
 My Royal Sister and her Royal Sons,
 Crave my Endeavours and my utmost Pains,
 When they are settled then I'll settle you.
 What Freedom lurks in strictest Friendship's Bonds?
 "It's Service is but perfect Liberty:
 Friendship is sacred and it reaches far
 Into the Bottom of the deepest Heart:
 Friendship judg'd sacred by the Wise and Great;
 Alternate Love the Deeds of Princes crowns.
 How beautiful to see the grasping Hands
 Held out the golden Opportunity
 Of Kindness and Compassion to embrace!
 How charming to behold them burst the Bands
 Of baneful Disappointment and Envy;
 Melting the steeld Heart with glowing Charms.
 This Virtue like the Sun diffuses round
 Its radiant Beams and its enlivening Rays
 Glad'ning the circling Worlds all around.
 The more it gives, the more it still retains;
 It's Joy Proportion bears to its Extent;
 My Royal Sister an Abridgment is
 Of Goodness, and the most endearing Care.
Lysimachus's Virtues she retains
 With those of *Ptolemy* her Royal Sire
 And all that centers in the Female Sex;
 Endearing Ties, endearing more by far,
 Than those of Birth which sometimes are broke thro'
 May I no longer live than I may be
 To others what I wish they were to me;
 Let my dear Sister sweetest Joys possess,
 And unborn Millions taste her Royal Bliss;
 And let the Gods above in me behold
 What in themselves our Fathers saw of old.

8 *A R S I N O E,*

Helping the poor, relieving the distressed
Each making glad, and a whole World blest.

(Exeunt.)

S C E N E II. A Drawing-Room.

Enter Olympias and Helen.

Hel. Welcome *Olympias*, pray what News?

Oly. Madam, I hear that *Ptolemy* designs
To make his Sister's Sons Heirs of his Crown.

Hel. Good News indeed, I wish they may be true,
No Princes ever promised so well;
For sure the elder and the younger too,
Possess whatever can a King adorn;
In every Feature *Ptolemy* the young
Shews forth a Title Page of divine Love:
For in his Face he bears the Looks and Mein,
And in his Right-hand the Dexterity,
His Left the Coolness, of an Angel bears:
He in his Gesture shews the Walk and Gaite,
And in his Heart the Sentiments and Soul
Of all the Heroes *Macedon* produc'd.

Oly. That's true, but then 'tis not to be suppos'd
That such a savage Heart as *Ptolemy's*,
Glutted with Blood and Slaughter, can design
Good to a Youth from whom he snatch'd a Crown.

Hel. He took it, Madam, from an Host of Foes,
And if he should it sway, 'tis only that
He may preserve it for his Sister's Sons.

Oly. Ne'er tell me Madam, that a Man like him
Can in an Instant be really kind.

Hel. But what if into Pity he should melt
And be wrought on by the warm Glows of Love?

Oly. Love! Strange is *Ptolemy* in Love?

Hel. I hear so Madam, for 'tis common with
Soldiers when Wars are ended to become
A Prey to us, and throw their Triumphs up,
And on a Woman fix their whole Delight.

Oly.

A TRAGEDY 91

Oly. I know 'tis true, for I myself have seal'd
Some Victors, who, with wreathed Laurels crown'd,
Have with mine tamper'd, till I them betool'd.

Hel. And for how? but Madam, who is the
The Object whereon he has fix'd his Heart?
Or is he truly in love's wanton Chains?

Oly. I hear so Madam, *(laughing)*

Hel. But you know nothing of its Certainty?

Oly. No further than Hearsay.

Hel. Speak not by Hearsay; *(sings)* ~~For a Liar~~
And as she moves, her Bulk increases fast.
If you can keep a Secret, I'll apprise
You, of what's more than Hearsay, what I know.

Oly. No Woman can a Secret better keep
Than I can now the Heart of a King.

Hel. If that's the Case, I truly will be plain
My Correspondent wrote she mark'd him well,
And saw he was detain'd in Cupid's Chains.

Oly. But with whom said she that he was in Love?

Hel. With our Queen *(sings)*

Oly. O Strange! O Strange! Let this be never
heard.

Hel. But what means this? A Message she has sent
To Ptolemy, her Brother and her King.

Oly. Strange News indeed! Time that discloses all
Must it reveal, and open up the Scheme,
For what is hid, that Time will not reveal?

Hel. True Madam, true, but is the Queen in
Love?

Oly. No, no, she scorns to vain and gay a Maid.

Ridiculous the Question is and wild,
And must provoke, if ever it be heard:
The Matter is incredible with me;
Besides she loves her Children better far,
Than wedd her Brother, whom she truly hates:
What'er of him she lays is but to gain

His savage Heart toward her lovely Sons, I
And to procure for them her Husband's Crown.

Hel. I well believe what how you have advanc'd,
And treat with Scorn, the vain Report that's spread
Of *Ptolemy* her Brother's real Love;
Besides, altho' he truly was in Love,
'Tis better to keep him at Distance, for
To soon to win the Fair, oft' fatal proves.
Vain and proud Man for mighty Labours born,
For most Part prize what's hardest to obtain:
They run, they fly upon whatever's rare;
They hate the willing, love the scorning Fair.
This Victor then let us at Distance hold,
He courts the more, the more that we seem cold.
But let's break off, for now the Hour is come
When we are wanted by the Queen at Home.

Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Queen's Apartment.*

Enter Arsinoe, young Ptolemy, Seleucus and Chodion.

AR S I D N O E

Chodion. What News from *Ptolemy* the King?
Madam, the best of News; the King is well,
And does regard you with a Brother's Love;
'Tis hard for me in Words to recollect,
The Tenderneſs, and Sympathy which he
Discover'd of an Hero and a King;
While speaking of you, and of both your Sons,
Your Letter he receiv'd with all the Grace
And Sweetneſs, that your utmost Wish could ask.

An

A T R A G E D Y. 111

An Answer to it he by me return'd,
Which please to accept. *(Presents a Letter.)*

Arf. (after reading it says.) Here's more than Lips
could ask, or Heart could wish,

I joy to hear he's well, and want to know
Whether his Subjects still observe his Laws?

*Chod. Yes, Madam, they his Virtues still admire
For every Thing, but chiefly for the Love
He bears to you, and to your eldest Son,
Whom they expect one Day to be their King.*

Lyfmachus lives always in his Mind,
His Gesture, Mein, and Looks are stamped there;
His vast Exploits, which fill'd the ravag'd Globe,
Imprinted are with never fading Types.

Oh! when he recollects his graceful Charms,
And Correspondence with your martial Lord,
One would be apt to think he left the Man,
And all at Once commenc'd a God; for why
His Words, his Looks, speak forth a real Love,
His Love to you receives a double Heat
When he thinks on *Lyfmachus*.

Y. Ptolemy. I wish this glowing Friendship may
not turn

To Hatred, ending in a rigid Cold;
Fire is good, but not if too intense,
Whose Flames a thousand Colours issue forth,
Charming the Eye while yet there are no Charms.
Madam, take Care lest *Ptolemy* have more
Affection for you than a Brother's Love.

Arf. What's this you mean? Dear *Ptolemy*, why

Enchanted is your Mind, think you that I
Bear to him more than rational Regard?

Y. Ptol. Pray Madam, What is rational Regard?

Arf. Such Definitions are beyond my Reach;
Therefore to *Chodion* I must you refer.

Cbod. 'Tis a cool Passion ev'ry Way inclin'd
 To Acts of Friendship, and Compassion kind,
 Fondness it shuns as Ships the rugged Rocks;
 How pleasing and delightful in itself,
 Can only by Experience be told,
 A divine Flame that always is serene,
 But when o'er heated by its intense Glow
 Itself it stifles, Torments sends around

Y. Ptol. I fear the Love my Mother hath express'd
 To *Ptolemy*, in Time may ruin both.

Arj. Hold foolish Boy, your Mother why accuse?

Y. Ptol. Accuse my Mother and my Uncle too;
 For why tho' they each other ought to love,
 Yet carefully they ought to shun Extreams;
 Extreams in every thing prove dangerous,
 Ending in Folly and in Madness wild.
 Know, Madam know, each Passion should be rul'd,
 "By Reason heated, and by Reason cool'd,
 Reason at first was planted to govern
 The many Passions of the humane Soul;
 While Reason rules, there's Harmony in all;
 But when the noble Principle is foil'd,
 Confusion rages on Confusion 'till

The Soul an universal Mass becomes,
 As if the Sun should cease to act upon
 The several Orbs the System that compose:
 If he his glad'ning Influence should deny,
 Either the System would breath forth it's last,
 Or roll in Floods of utter Darkness, bound
 In the strong Fetters of Disorder's Chains.
 A River, if not hemm'd between it's Banks,
 With swollen Streams would drown the fertile
 Plains;

Just so would ev'ry Passion of the Soul,
 If not by Reason's sacred Laws controul'd.

Arj. Well hast thou said, I have to thee
 These Sayings favour of *Lycus* Laws.

Y. Ptol.

A T R A G E D Y. 13

Y. Ptol. Madam, if you these Sayings but approve,

Let them pierce thro' thine Heart, and center there;
Let these promote what's just and Reason there;
And check a fond and over glowing Love.

Arf. What means the Boy? Advices I regard;
But these I hate when no way suiting.

Y. Ptolemy, your Passions are disordered;

Sel. That I believe, for some Night past he told

Stories that argue a confused Brain;
Dreams, Apparitions and a frightful Train
Of Tales, the Effect of heated Blood and Phlegm.

Arf. What Tale — *Seleucus?*

Sel. If you them heard, you would not them believe.

Arf. Perhaps *Seleucus*, that might be the Case:
But that's no Cause why these should not be told.

Sol. Madam, since you his Visions want to know,
I shall inform you of them, tho' I'm sure
That you would any Person ridicule
Except your Son, who must your Sorrow raise.

Arf. Proceed *Seleucus*, you I want to hear.

Sel. He told me, Madam, that while on his Bed
He slept about the time of the full Moon,
A Priest of *Phœbus* prophecy'd to him
That *Ptolemy* and you in Nuptial Ties
Should join, and that our Ruin should ensue.

Arf. I'm vastly surprized!
It seems it was the time of the full Moon;
Oh! what is this? 'tis nothing but a Dream;
My Brother *Ptolemy* I love better far
Than join with him in Matrimonial Bands.

Y. Ptol. Be that your Mind, for ever let it be,
And this Suspicion you'll remove away;
Water is cleared at the Fountain Head;
And so is Love within pure Reason's Bounds.

Tho'

4. A R S I N O E,

Tho' Snows eternal which the *Tartars* freeze,
 Chill every Limb and all the Parts affect,
 Should I ye betwixt my Mother and her Son,
 Should the *North* Wind upon his frozen Plume
 Bear thee aloft and hide thee for a Time
 Above the wond'ring Clouds and feat thee safe
 Within the Charlot of the *Pleïades*,
 My soaring Soul would follow hard and draw
 My Mother from her Hardships; but to draw
 A Woman's Heart from off a fixed Choice
 Is harder; I would travel *Africa* o'er,
 Would visit every Clime and Land, on every Shore
 Sooner than yield that *Ptolemy* should be
 To me a Father, and a Lord to thee.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter a Guardian, Olympias and Helen.

Oly. Pray Sir, what of my Mistress think you now?

Guard. I still thought good, and always will retain

Such Sentiments, until I can assign,
 A solid Reason to judge otherwise.

Oly. To alter your Opinion there is a Cause;
 For *Ptolemy* designs to wed the Queen,
 My Mistress; and what's worse, his Sister too.
 Of this I credibly have been inform'd:
 Unhappy Day! that ever it should dawn
 To see my Mistress and her Brother join'd
 In the firm Nuptials of a Marriage Bed.

Guard. Hold, Madam hold, why thus torment
 your Mind

With Stories so ridiculous and wild:
 With Scenes of Blood and Gore her Brother's Heart

Has

A T R A G E D Y.

Has for some time been alien'd from joys;
 For Cruelty and Death have glutted him;
 Too fierce he is to yield to soft Amours;
 And can resist an Universe of Charms.
 The ravag'd Globe his savage Heart declares
 Unpeopled Kingdoms and long Trains of Slaves
 Shew his Ambition; and his wild Designs;
 These dreadful Rocks on which so many split,
 Ambition now enhances all his Care,
 His bloody Mind no Love can entertain;
 Wishes themselves are lost on such a Soul,
 Which can Rebellion canvass with Delight;
 And after Bloodshed, Fraud and Wickedness,
 Regale itself in Cruelty and Guilt.

Enter young Ptolemy.

Y. Ptol. Genuine Destruction of my Uncle's Frame
 These Things for which I think he should reject
 All Thoughts of Nuptials, make me dread the worst
 I wish my Mother was but of my Mind.
 But now I fear her Brother she believes
 To be upright in all his vain Pretence.
 Ah! Ah! what vile Infatuation hath
 Caught hold of her and on her Temper seiz'd
 And sure if e'er the fatal Day should dawn,
 That *Ptolemy* and her should gratify
 The beastly Passions of the humane Frame,
 Their Ruin soon would certainly ensue.

Guard. That's sure—but let such Thoughts be far
 from me.

Y. Ptolemy. I wish there was not Cause for
 Thoughts like these;
 And sure if such a dreadful Thing fall out
 Wrath, in a Deluge, would from Heav'n pour
 Bolts, from it's fiery Arsenals, would break
 Would blaze, would burn, would overturn
 The Earth herself, and put her into Pangs.

So as to tremble from her Entrails all;
 The System's Harmony would quickly cease,
 And crushing Worlds would declare the Ill;
 Millions on Millions thro' the Universe
 Hurling in Heaps, confess the mortal Sin!

Enter Arlinoe in Haste.

Arf. Strange! What? this Language from my
 lovely Son,
 Has Phrenzy or Delusion seiz'd your Mind?
 What Folly this to think of Nuptial Ties
 'Twixt *Ptolemy* and me? Take care my Son
 Of what you speak, tho' in your tender Years,
 The World's Eyes are now upon you fix;
 What Character they give, you shall retain;
 Let no such empty Tales be ever heard:
 Matters more solid must engross my Care
 Than the Desires of a Nuptial Bed,
 Which I refer unto the gay and young.
 Besides I never heretofore design'd
 To cultivate with *Ptolemy* the King
 Except a pure and honourable Love,
 And so perswade him to make you his Heir.

Pto. Madam, your Words to me great Pleasure
 give,
 And chiefly since the same I can believe;

Guard. My Pupil I endeavour'd to convince
 Of his rash Thoughts, and what a mighty Shame
 To propagate the same Abroad it was.

Arf. Rash Thoughts indeed! was it not for the
 Love

I bear to him, henceforth I would remove
 Him from my Presence, never to return.
 If I'm in Love, 'tis only with my Son!
 O could this Love be reason'd out and drown'd
 In Floods of kind Anxiety and Care
 For all that are committed to my Charge.

O *Ptolemy*

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O! *Ptolemy* my Son, I wish I could
Melt down that Passion common to my Sex;
That over-Fondness of a Mother kind;
O! could I thrust thee from me, since thy Dreams
And Apparitions thus disturb thy Mind,
And make thee utter Fooleries unknown;
Arm'd if I was with the firm Fortitude
Of th' other Sex to banish thee from hence,
So that I might not witness all thy Whims,
And then with Grief observe thee judg'd a Fool.

Y. Ptol. Madam, allow me beg you would
refrain

From Correspondence with your *Ptolemy*;
This is the way your pure Intent to prove
To us, to Heaven, and to all the Earth.

Ars. What Correspondence? Him I have not seen,
Since I was wedded to *Lysimachus*,
That best of Husband's and of Fathers too.
But would you have me to fall out with Kings?
He has it in his Power to raise you high;
Ev'n to advance you to your Father's Throne.
Ptolemy my Brother is a Prince, who knows
What Duty is to Gods and Mankind due;
Love to his Friends engrosses all his Care,
Deceit and Pride from him removed are;
Charming he moves within his proper Sphere,
Having whatever Woman can admire,
Or what her keenest Will can gratify
O, happy her that wed's him, happy she!

(*Exit with Olympias.*)

Y. Ptol. 'Tis vain to speak, I see the fatal 2
Day
Approaching, that will drown in Floods of Woe,
Our Friends, our Country, and our Mother too:
Could I reverse hard Fates severe Decrees,

Sooner
To see my Friend, and to confer with you.

18. *A R I S T O N O E,*

Sooner should *East* and *West* together join,
And all the Elements confounded be,
And blend together in Disorder's Chains,
Than she should join with him, or he with her.

Guard. Pray hold, pray hold, why thus torment
your Mind!

Y. Ptol. No, Sir, with Care I marked have her
Eyes,

These Indications of a Lover's Breast;
Her Eyes, her Eyes discloses a real Love;
My Mother's and my Uncle's Fate draws near:
When they shall in the Nuptial Ties unite,
If from the Two, a Progeny should spring,
Let it be either smother'd in the Birth,
Or, like a *Vulcan*, all distorted prove;
Whom angry *Jove* once seized by the Heel,
And hurled Headlong from his highest Seat
Down into *Leucus* Isle; O! who can tell
With what a rapid Force the Body flew
When flung by the Almighty Father's Arm?
But if th' incestuous Infant should survive,
The throbbing Pangs of Birth, and after live,
From Stage to Stage, advancing by Degrees,
From Infancy to Childhood, thence to Youth;
From ticklish Youth, should ripen into Man,
May it among Mankind a Monster prove,
Scourge to his Parents, Terror to himself;
And what is worse, by God's and Men abhor'd!

Exeunt.
**S C E N E III. A City half surrounded
by the Sea.**

Enter Antiochus and Sothones saluting one another.

Ant. At last the Day I wanted most has come,
To see my Friend, and to confer with you.

The

A T R A G E D Y. 19

The Matter delicate and tender is;
The King to me a Scheme imparted hath
Of seizing on the City *Cassandra*,
The Royal Seat, where dwells *Arjine*,

Soft. I should rejoice to see him seated there:
What Pity is it, that he should not have
A proper Station for so great a King.
This City P've not seen for many Years,
But hear that lately it is much improv'd.
Pray, can you tell what Alterations have
Been made upon it since I last it saw?

Ant. I can; and shall in this you gratify:
The Place is grand, compleatly built and square;
Its Length and Breadth of just Dimensions are;
Its Arsenals are full of *Eastern* Spoils,
Product of *Alexander's* mighty Toils;
A threefold Wall surrounds its lofty Towers,
And swol'n *Peneus* bears the loaded Ships
With all the Product of most distant Climes
To each Man's Door. Its Streets are pure like Gold,
And distribute by most harmonious Rules;
The purling Rivulets behind it stream,
Bearing the Fountain Waters in their Breast,
Work out the Dross, refining as they run;
Like clearest Crystal paint the Flowers entire,
With all kind Nature's Ornaments and Gems
That on their Borders spring with charming Ease.
Fountains and Obelisks the whole adorn;
Its Palaces with Pillars stand on high
Gilded with Gold, reflecting in the Sky;
The Architecture simple is but grand.
Of Cedars smooth the Rastures are compos'd;
And all the precious Stones are summon'd here
Each House to deck, and Palace to adorn,
The *Carian* Marble darts a Light around.
The Doors, and some of those, with Silver shine.

Soft. Much hast thou said about the Matter now;
Describe the Form in which these Parts are laid,
For without Form, the best Things nothing are.

Ant. That you shall hear. The Workmanship
by far

Exceeds the Matter whereof its compos'd;
The Firmament is lively here engrav'd,
And all the Bodies which thro' it revolve:
Behold the *Orient* Sun, that with his Rays
Supports the System and directs its Course;
Each Body from this Center drawing Force.
Behold the vagrant Moon now shooting forth
Her Horns, now hump'd; and after shining Full;
And as she moves directs the swelling Tides:
But see her Power to act diminished,
When in that Portion of her Sphere she moves,
That lyes above the parch'd and desert Lands
Of *Libyc*, and of *Æthiopic* Plains;
Or when she travels farthest from the Sun;
See all the Planets moving in their Spheres,
With their Attendants, and see these with theirs;
Revolving on their Axis, and around
Their common Center that supports them all!
Here view the milky Way, and see the *Plough*
Whirling with rapid Force about the *Pole*;
Behold the *Pleiades*, and *Pegasus*;
Great *Perseus*, and all the sparkling Gems
Of the vast Universe; yea, painted here
Is the bright Day, when usher'd by the Morn',
Like to a Bride, her Husband to adorn.

Soft. Charming Description! As you speak you
charm;

But dwell no longer in the Spheres above;
Deign to come down, describe your proper Sphere
Which he who knows not, can't another know.

Ant. The well proportion'd Inlets of the Sea
That thro' the dry Land run to pregnate it;

Behold

A T R A G E D Y. 21

Behold the Trees bending their Boughs below
 The Weight of Fruit which the rich *Autumn* yields;
 Most charming Landscips on the River's Side,
 With Houses placed in the finest Way:
 Around are Cattle frisking on the Grass;
 The Shepherd here repeats melodious Sounds,
 While Hills eccho the tuneful Songs around.

And here the Priests *Silenu's* Song repeat,
 That made the *Fauns* and all the savage Beasts

“ Dance in just Measure, while the knotted Oaks

“ Bend their stiff Heads, nor does *Parnassus* Top

“ So much rejoice in *Phæbus*; nor so much

“ Do *Thracian* Mountains *Orpheus* Verse admire,

“ As those are kindled with a devine Fire.

Soft. I'm pain'd till you the grand Description
 give.

Ans. “ Behold they sing how thro' the mighty
 Void,

“ The Seeds of Earth, of Water, Air and Fire

“ Consolidated were, and how that these

“ Roll'd from Confusion, and in Order join'd:

Now hear them sing on Harps, how first from these,

“ The Elements, and World's recent Globe,

Compounded rose; how then the firmer Soil

Grew hard, and in it's Channel shut the Sea,

And by Degrees of various Things receiv'd

Th' innumber'd Species; how the Earth admir'd

To see the new-born Sun with Glory shine,

How Showers from high-hung Clouds distill'd, when
 first

The Woods began to rise, and thin dispers'd

The Animals o'er unknown Mountains rov'd.

Soft. Pray speak they nothing of a Maiden's Love.

Ans. Yes, that they do, and of a Widow's too,
 Sometimes they sing how *Atalanta* fool'd
 Her Lovers, and how oft' she them beguil'd.

Of

Of Life, kill'd each who could not her outrun ;
 But how at last *Hermippus* found a Way
 To Conquest, throwing golden Fruit behind
 His Back, which tended to divert her Mind
 From running, till he reached had the Goal.

Soft. Ah! cruel Maid, but Maids are always fly.

Ant. But say they ought of *Philomela's* Rage?

Soft. Yes, they point out that Lady's dire Revenge ;
 And sing of *Tereus* metamorphos'd Form,
 Th' Effect of Incest and of lawless Lust ;
 They sing for him, what Present, what a Feast
 By 'vengeful *Philomela* was prepar'd ;
 Ev'n his own Son was given him to eat.
 With what a Flight he sought the Desert Woods ;
 " On the same Wings, with which (ill fated Change)
 " He fluttered round the Palace once his own.
 What shall I say more of their great Delights?
 Here Extasy in Extasy is lost ;

And those who paint 'em truest, praise 'em most.

Ant. The true Description of the Place you give ;
 For by reflecting where the City stands,
 And on the Kings who joy'd it to adorn,
 I cannot doubt of what you have advanc'd ;
 Pure is the Climate, and serene the Sky,
 The City half surrounded by the Sea ;
 The Neighbouring Parts deliciously appear,
 By their Fertility and rarest Fruits ;
 The Towns and Villages which run along
 Like to a Chain, paint the most charming View ;
 Hills cover from the Southern scorching Winds,
 And the North Wind refreshes from the Sea ;
 The Country at *Parnassus* Bottom lyes ;
 Whose lofty Summits lose themselves in Air,
 Rearing their Heads almost toward the Gods ;
 Eternal Ice dwells on its twofold Brow,
 Whose Rivers full of Snows are tumbling down
 Like Torrents melting as they pass along ;

Below

Below the lofty Cedars tall appear,
 As old as th' Earth, on which they planted were,
 Rearing their bushy Branches to the Clouds;
 Among the Trees the richest Pastures lye,
 Where feeds the Bull and all the horned Herd;
 Here bleat the Sheep and their young tender Lambs
 Skipping and sporting on the fatted Grass;
 Here Rivulets their limpid Branches pour
 Amidst the Plains, and these refreshed are;
 While Gardens at the Mountains Feet are sown;
 Here constantly the Spring and Autumn reign
 With Flowers and Fruits and all their colour'd Train;
 The scorching South Wind, vainly spends its Force,
 The chilling North in vain directs its Course
 To efface these living Colours that adorn
 Cassandra's Plains that bloom at Night and Morn;
 Great are these Things; but never shall they be
 Without some higher Good admir'd by me.

Soft. Well hast thou said my dear Antiochus;
 I will inform you of some other Things
 T' raise your vast Respect toward the Town.
 Here from all Parts, the wealthy Merchant comes
 And it's Inhabitants in Trade excel;
 At Entrance of the City one would think
 It to a Set of People did belong
 Known only to themselves;
 But on Examination one may see
 It common to the Race of all Mankind;
 The vastest Riches run and center here;
 It has two Moles of such a vast Extent
 As to resemble Branches of the Sea;
 These two encircle a vast Haven, where
 No Storms, or Winds, or Tempests enter can,
 Forrests of Ships ride here so numerous;
 The Sea, on which they sit, is scarcely seen;
 The Citizens apply themselves to Trade,

Are

24 *A R S I N O E,*

Are each like Kings, and yet their vast Increase
Is far from surfeiting their just Designs,
Or making them disgust an honest Toil.

Ant. You well describe, but still I must demand
Further Accounts from so acute a Hand.

Soft. That's past my Power, for I cannot de-
scribe

The Place beyond what I have done before.

Ant. Oh! What are these? they but affect the
Eye,

But can't delight the nobler Part of Man.
True Joy is only found in Works like these;
A good Oeconomy with wholesome Laws,
The strictest Justice to the Rich and Poor,
The Stranger, Widow, and the Fatherless,
A perfect Pattern Children set before;
Training them up in Reason's manly Ways,
And teaching 'em to look for after Joys;
Labour and Toil, Obedience and Love
To Arts and Sciences, that deck the Mind,
A strict Exactness in Religion's Path,
With a disinterested noble Soul;
Desiring Honour but by Honour's Rules;
Fidelity to Mankind, and a Fear
Of after Ills Dread of the Gods above,
Which Exercises only joyful prove,
Advancing Men below to higher Spheres.
If these in *Cassandra* are not found,
I'll strive that *Ptolemy* may drop his Claim,
And ne'er think of his Royal Sister's Town.

Soft. These, I believe inhabit there.

Ant. If that's the Case, I'll prompt him to pursue
His Claim upon it;
For I am sure, the Queen his Sister, would
Deny her Brother nothing in her Power,
Should

Should he propose a just Equivalent,
Or give Security, that after him
Her Sons should all his States and Crowns possess,
I'm confident he would resign the Town.

Soft. I'm not so sure: Pretenders never fail
To make the largest Promises, and give
Encouragement to all who them approach;
But read their Manifestoes, ponder well
Their Propositions, and you'll find that these,
If once fulfill'd, would prove a fatal Ill.

Ant. What of Pretenders you have now observ'
Is true, and Observation it confirms:

But then she loves her Brother as her Son, and
And speaks of him in Raptures far above
The Bounds and Limits of a just Regard.

Soft. I'm surpris'd to hear such News, but want
to know

What you by Raptures bid me understand.

Ant. A Rapture is a Motion of the Mind
'Gainst Reason's Dictates and what Prudence shews.

Soft. There's nothing in it; Raptures I conceive
Their being only owing to him who hears;
Discourses various as our Senses are:
Woman, is sure a Creature full of Love;
And when it's true, 'tis hid behind her Tongue;
But when it's false, she speaks it all along,
Her Love a Proverb justly is become.

Ant. Yes, and her Hatred also: you
Trust not a Woman, whose delusive Charms
Have conquer'd more than Death's victorious
Arms;

For of the Fair, you felt the dire Alarms.

Exit.

Exit.

A C T III.

S C E N E I. *A Chamber of Presence.*

*Enter King Ptolemy and Ceraunus, who bending his
Knee, desires Liberty to speak.*

King P T O L E M Y.

C O u s i n, arise; for you I want to hear.

Cer. Great Sir, I am inform'd that you re-
solve

To bargain for the City *Cassandra*.

K. Ptol. Who told you so?

Cer. *Softly* *Softly*.

K. Ptol. What means the Man, my Secrets to
betray?

'Gainst him as once before, my Arm I'll turn,
For Breach of Trust that I in him repos'd.

Cer. Great Sir, he only told it to a Friend;
And I a certain Way contrived have,
By which you may accomplish your Design.

K. Ptol. Tell me your Scheme, perhaps it may
delight.

Cer. Your Sister has two Sons, whose rising Fame
Grow with their Years, and whose delightful Charms
Have ravish'd all who ever have them seen.
As you no Son have of your own, I think
It's better to declare her Sons your Heirs,
And then I'm sure your Royal Sister will
Concede to you the City *Cassandra*.

K. Ptol. I much approve your Scheme, 'twas
what I thought

Most proper and most rational; be sure
No Brother ever lov'd a Sister more
Than I love her, and will of her's take Care:

The

The Queen my Sister, by her Skill alone
 Has, more than ever any Woman done;
 She like a tow'ring Eagle soars above
 That lower Orb in which frail Mortals move;
 A Flight too high for sordid Souls to use,
 Who Reason's Laws and Faculties abuse;
 Success and Victory to her repair,
 And only then move in their proper Sphere;
 As fragrant Dews leave the corrupted Earth
 Exhal'd by *Phabus*, whence they had their Birth.

(Exit *K. Ptolemy*.)

Enter Antigonus.

Cer. The King is just now gone, or else you
 might

Have with him on your Business conferr'd.

Ant. For this I came, and should be glad to treat
 With him upon the Overtures he made
 Unto his Sister, for her lofty Town.

Cer. But have you lately of his Sister heard?

Ant. Not since the Time I with the King con-
 ferr'd;

And sure I am, if he propose His Scheme
 Of making *Ptolemy* her Son his Heir,
 She soon would grant the City *Cassandra*;
 For he to her a great Affection bears,
 And to be plain more than Affection, more!

Cer. More than Affection! O, what's this you
 mean?

Ant. Yes more than rational Affection, more!
 Which still is calm, is uniform and cool;
 'Tis like the Blood which when it flows with Ease
 Sprinkling the cluster'd Arteries and Veins,
 It keeps the Fluids uniform and sweet,
 And the whole Frame preserved is in Tune:
 But if the Blood is overheated, then
 Follows Disorder, and the whole Machine
 Is forthwith in a mighty Ferment put.

Cer. Can you impute this Love to *Ptolemy*?

Ant. I fear I cannot. *W*

Cer. What Reason have you for such strange Thoughts?

Ant. His own Discourse sufficient Reason gives,
While sitting, walking, still of her he talks;
She mingles with his Thoughts and from his
Tongue
The Name *Arstina* by Stealth diffills

Cer. Speak no more so, least you should be be-
fool'd,

For Men like him can never yield to Love.

But what's your Judgment of *Arstina*?

Ant. I think she loves her Brother *Ptolemy*

Unreasonably, for she speaks of him
As oft as he can possibly of her.

Cer. With Courts and Queens, you unacquaint-
ed are,

By bare Expressions judge not of the Fair;

For Female Fancies like the Surges rise,

And then fall down before our wond'ring Eyes,

Anon they climb as Spires towards the Skys;

Her Passions have their Ebbs, and then their Flows;

Like to the Sea which ever comes and goes.

When at the highest Tide the Waves retire,

As if suck't in by some absorbent Fire,

In an unactive State do they remain

Untill the Earth rolls round her Spire again,

When these dull Waves expos'd before the Sun

Receive his Heat, and by his Action run.

Exeunt.

Springing the cluſter of Arteries and Veins,

It keeps the Fluids uniform and sweet,

And the whole Frame preserv'd in tune:

But is overruled, then

Follows Disorder, and the whole Machine

Is forc'd with in a mighty Ferment put.

SCENE

A T R A G E D Y.

S C E N E II. *A Tomb.*

Enter K. Ptolemy and his Attendants.

King P.TOLEMY.

THIS Day before Aurora's Saffron Carr
Gilded the East with Sol's refracted Rays,
A Letter by a Courier I receiv'd,
Telling the Queen, and both her Sons incline
To keep Possession of their lofty Town,
What shall I do in so perplex'd a Case?
What Method use to have it for my Seat?

Soft. I have been thinking of a Method how
The great Proposal should be made to her,
That is, declare her Sons your real Heirs,
And give to her a just Equivalent.

K. Ptol. What would I not give to *Asinob*,
For her I now could dye, in her I live,
Her Mind my Palace, and her Heart my Throne,
No Brother ever lov'd a Sister more.

Soft. I wish your Love may not be too too great.

K. Ptol. Too great, it can't, what Love is like to
mine!

Soft. What more could any Brother say if he
Design'd to have her for his wedded Bride.

K. Ptol. What if I should?

Soft. Such Words let never from thy Mouth
proceed.

K. Ptol. (laughs.) How can I rightly compass
my Design

Of getting Entrance into *Cassandrea*?

With thousands of Pretences shall I come

And stir the People to a base Revolt

From their beloved and their lawful Queen?

I can't propose to conquer it by Law,

When fair Means fail, I'll try what foul can do.

The

The *Macedonian* Kingdom I have kept
 Ee'r since the Time *Seleucus* vanquish'd was,
 Which may I fear, obstruct a kind Reply
 To any Proposition I can make.

What if the antique Custom was repeal'd
 Restraining Brothers from their Sister's Arms;
 Then happy I in her, and happy she in me?

Soft. What! with your Sister joyn in Nuptial Ties;
 A Thing unworthy in itself, and base;
 'Gainst Reasons clearest Dictates and the Rules
 Of wise Men, which by Custom are confirm'd;
 Corn sown in Fields, from whence it springs proves
 weak,

Nigh Copulations, Languishment promote:
 Let Brutes, who by their Instinct are govern'd
 Foes to themselves, and to their Species Foes,
 Follow such blending Customs, unrestrain'd.

Let us remember we are Men, and are
 By Principals more noble to be rul'd,
 Reason and Thought be always our Delight:

Let's join in these, and weigh th' Event of Things,
 And as these Powers the Brutes cannot avail

So let us judge what we in common have
 With them is wholly insufficient to
 Settle the Happiness of Godlike Man!

'Tis best that every Being know his Sphere,
 Why they were form'd, for what created were:

On proper Objects fix the humane Mind,
 Be every Thing devoted to it's Kind.

If frothy Passions Reason's Laws controul,
 There's Harmony and Peace throughout the whole,

(*Exeunt.*)
K. Ptol. (*alone.*) Ah me, what's this I've done?

To whom can I
 Reveal my Secrets and disclose my Mind?
 Should I my Purpose, tell it would upbraid

the

My

A T R A G E D Y. 31

My great Ambition, or they would condemn
My over Fondness for a Sister's Bed.

Enter Antiochus.

Ant. What's this you say? Disclose your Mind
to me.

K. Ptol. No Sir, retire, I want to be alone.

Ant. I truly am your Friend, therefore reveal
Your Mind to me, a Mind if once reveal'd,
Is forthwith eas'd and triumphs o'er it's Pain.

Ptol. O! could this Passion in my Soul be crush'd;
Then should I not for ever be disdain'd.

Ant. Well said; I speak not of such a base De-
sign,

Lest you deservedly should be abhor'd
By every Parent, and by every Son.
Why rack your Mind by such unnatural Love?
O let it be out of all Annals ras'd
And gain no Credit, if it should be told:
But if it be, then let it's Punishment
Also be credited, if Nature shall
Suffer such Violence against it's Laws;
Then let the Nations of the Globe rejoice
In being free from such an horrid Sin,
And never have produc'd so great a Crime.
Let *Epire* joy in all it's rich Encrease;
Her Fields, her Corn, and her enamell'd Grasse,
Her Flocks, her Herds, her spacious Rivers wide,
Her Trade, her Navigation thro' the Globe;
But let her joy in nought so much as this,
That she no Monsters of Affection wild
Produc'd to break thro' Nature's sacred Bands,
This fatal Wound, the God of Love disclaims,
And from such Horrors vindicates his Darts;
A Band infernal has rous'd up thy Breast,
And Furies swell'd with Vipers Blood thy Veins:
To hate a Sister is a monstrous Crime,
But more a Sister to affect like this,

From

From th' *Eastern* Climes contending Ladies come,
 Adore thy Beauty and thy Nuptials seek;
 From these make then a willing Choice of one,
 But think not of your Sister I conjure.
 O! know the Crime, and to resist it strive,
 Or reason well 'gainst thy Incestuous Love.
 And Whether do thy Thoughts, thy Wishes tend?
 Ye righteous Gods defend from such a Crime!
 Let Pity, Justice, and a due Regard
 Toward the Queen, thy wavering Soul protect,
 If what thy Soul presages Guilt be so.
 No Piety the Passion may allow.

K. Ptol. What's that! Don't we the same in
 others find?
 All other Creatures Love promiscuous take,
 Not nice Distinctions of their Kindred make?
 O! happy these to whom such Rites are free;
 But human Care denies the same to Men:
 What Nature grants, envious Law restrains.
 Yet there are Climes where Loves like these exist;
 Where Sons their Mothers, Fathers Daughters wed,
 Love doubled by the Birth and Marriage Tye;
 Wretch that I was not born in such a Clime!
 But here my Country calls my Passion vile.
 Why do my Thoughts to such Ideas stray?
 Hence black Desires, forbidden Hopes away.
Ant. Howe'er, she worthy of thy Passion be,
 She only as a Sister must be lov'd.

K. Ptol. Had not *Arfinoe* my Sister been,
 I then might to her lov'd Embrace aspire;
 Now that she's mine, I must not think of her:
 Proximity does us at Distance throw.
 O! was I not so near connected, then
 I might be in a closer Chain of Love.
 Fain would I fly to the more distant Climes
 To shun this Guilt, but Love my Flight restrains.
 To feast my longing Eyes upon her Charms.

Ant.

Ant. Hold, hold, O King! what canst thou more propose?

Know'st thou what Laws, what Names thou dost confound?

Wilt thou defile the Queen thy Sister so,
And lye a Villain, in her open Arms?

Bear to confound two sacred Names in one,

Thy Sister's Husband and her Brother too;

Nor fear'st the Furies and their snaky Hair,

Their brandish'd Torches and their horrid Darts?

But thou in Time subdue the growing Ill,

Thy Body undebauch'd, be so thy Soul;

Nor with thy horrid Lust infringe the Law

Of powerful Nature, but in Time withdraw.

K. *Ptol.* I can't.

O! that she stood like me to Love inclin'd,

Since upon her I fixed have my Mind.

Had I Possession of my Sister now,

I'd laugh at Custom, and at Nature too;

Baffle each Effort, and each adverse Frown,

That like the Hail in Showers come tumbling down

To check my Aim, and disappoint my Scheme,

And thus for ever, eternize my Name. (*Exeunt.*)

S C E N E III. *The Queen's Apartment.*

Enter Arsinoe, Olympias, and Helen, with young Ptolemy and Seleucus.

O L Y M P I A S.

M Adam, I think the happy Hour is come
When you might have a kindly Interview
With *Ptolemy* your Brother, now a King.

Ars. 'Twas for that Reason I have here appear'd,
And should rejoice to see my Brother dear;
When I think on his lovely Infant Charms,
When he my Mother's Nipples sucking was
Th' endearing Actions of his younger Years,
And those since his Maturity perform'd;

F

Wrestling

Wresting the Sceptre from *Seleucus*' Hand ;
My glowing Heart calls for the Interview.

Seleu. My Uncle, Madam, I delight to see,
He charms my Brother, and he charms me too.

Arf. Know, know my Sons, that this my Brother
Great,

Was once the Support of the sinking State ;
Her Life, her Hopes, her Ornament, and he
To none is more, than what he is to me.

Dear *Ptolemy* the Glory of the State,
Long may he shun the dreadful Stroke of Fate ;
That *Greece*, the polish'd *Greece*, with ravish'd Eyes
May see her Glory, and her Darling rise ;

Ye Powers above, envy not us below,
So great a Blessing, and so vast a Prize ;

Ptolemy the Virtues of the *Martial* Line
Of *Æacus* possesses ; how serene

His Port, how Noble ! how august his Fame !

How like to *Philip* ! O how near the same !

Like *Alexander*, add the *Grecian* Chiefs,
Possessing all their Virtues !

Forbid it Heaven, that you should envy
Such Happiness to Mortals here below.

As you are good, I hope you have not sent
A *Phantom* soon to snatch the same away :

Oly. Madam, it seems your Brother you admire ;
To speak well of him is the surest Way
To prevail with him to declare your Sons
Heirs of his grand Estate and of his Crown.

Arf. Well said, Behold he broke *Seleucus*' Power,
And snatch'd the Sceptre from him for my Sons ;
A Brother's Love and Sister's is serene,
Polluted by no Passion mean or wild,
Love fit for Angels, and a Love divine !
How ravish'd I ! O what a divine Flame
Glows in my Fowels at his very Name !

Y. Ptol.

A T R A G E D Y. 35

Y. Ptol. O Strange! O Strange! What's this
Madam you say?

Ans. All for your Good. Have my Expressions
rais'd

Thoughts in your Breast unworthy of my Sex?

I meant to have your Emulation rais'd

To press his Steps and imitate the Man.

To Sons degenerate Aid he still refus'd,

But never scrupled to march with the Brave,

Tho' ten Men only 'gainst Ten Thousand Tens.

How oft' has he in Fields of Blood and Gore,

Stood for his own, and for his Country's Cause?

That *Hydra* of Oppression founder'd he,

Conducted by *Seleucus*' conqu'ring Hand.

How oft' has he calmly beheld the Storm,

And like an Angel in the Whirlwind,

Drove it toward the Point from which it veer'd?

How oft' like Lions of a mighty Size,

Spring among Numbers of devouring Wolves,

And clear a Space, where was no Space before?

How often like a Flame when bursting forth

From hidden Ashes has the King appear'd?

Ptolemy my Brother! O How dear to me!

Thy Godlike Face, thy dauntless Heart and Arm;

Thy Majesty of Look, thy ev'ry Charm

Let Gods survey, and own he challenges,

As who on Earth command above the Skys.

Of mighty Kings the Admiration he;

Of Courts the Ornament he boasts to be.

The Buckler of his Subjects, and their Shield;

Life of his Army in the bloody Field;

Pattern of Heroes, Joy of human Race;

And what is more than all, behold he is

A just Abridgment of the Gods themselves.

Enter the Priest, Ptolemy's Guardian.

Guard. Hold Madam, hold, Pray mind *Lysimachus*.

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Arf. That I have done, and will be sure to do:
But what think you of *Ptolemy* the King?

Y. Ptol. What think you Madam of the Voice
you hear.

Arf. What Voice my Son.

Y. Ptol. The Voice of my *Guardian*.

Arf. To me talk not of *Guardians*: My Son,
If they have ought to ask, I will them hear.

Guard. Madam, hem in such Fondness for the King,
No Passion of the Soul need's such Controul
As Love which while retain'd within it's Bounds
Is sweet, but if it's Limits it transgress,
Loathsome it proves to all who are around,
And the Indulger of it ruin'd is.

Arf. True Sir, but know my Love no Crime
contains.

Enter a Ghost.

Ghost. I come to thee, who once the Darling
wert,

And what is more, the Sum of all my Wish;
To caution thee 'gainst speaking fondly of
Ptolemy the King, who wants thee to deceive.
You have two Pledges of your Marriage Bed;
And if the Name of *Ptolemy* be so dear,
Ptolemy your Son is nearer you than he;
Behold the Youth, behold with ravish'd Eyes,
Your Life, your Hopes, your *Ptolemy* arise,
Pressing the Steps of *Ptolemy* the King;
But let him not press in his Steps of Love;
Your Views are pure, but his Designs are vile.

Y. Ptol. Behold *Lyfimachus* Madam, and hear?

Arf. Disorder'd Boy, what Phrensy has thee seiz'd?
Why to such Whims and Folly give you Way?

(Turning to the Guardian,

Pray Sir, of Apparitions what think you?

Guard. Madam, the Question that you put is hard,
And wise Men to determine it refuse;

Only

Only when Boys and old Men say they see
 Such Things, 'tis Duty to discourage them,
 And reason in such manly Terms as these.
 What's this! how can the Dead return again?
 What Intercourse have Ghosts with Men on Earth?
 Can Prayers reverse obdurate Fates Decrees?
 What tho' with every Master-stroke of Art
 You rouse the Genius and delight the Mind;
 Or should you even vie with *Orpheus*' Lyre,
 Touch every String and kindle ev'ry Vein?
 What tho' you made each Beast around you dance,
 And summon'd Insects in the Choir to join,
 The Blood could to the Carcass ne'er return;
 Art might it throw into the human Frame;
Promethean Fire could not make it warm,
 Or circle thro' the curious Machine;
 The Veins and Arteries where runs the Blood,
 Supplying Palpitation quick and warm,
 Compressed are; their Nerves and Fibres dull;
 Their Pores and Interstices are fill'd up,
 And Rottenness has seiz'd upon the whole.
 Alledge no more, that with your Eyes you see
 What Nature's Laws have to the Sight deny'd;
 What is impossible expect not thou!

Ans. Well said; and to your Reasons I will
 add:

Why should my dear *Lyfsmachus* arise?
 Is it because of *Ptolomey* I speak,
 That he may set my Son upon his Throne.
 Except my Sons, *Ptolmey* is all to me;
 Go, call a Surgeon for your heated Blood.

Y. Ptol. If all the Surgeons and the Parsons now,
 On Earth that ever liv'd, and Lawyers too,
 Were here with Sermons, Cordials and Laws,
 I should defy their Eloquence to foil
 My Senses, which shall always be the Text
 Of my Religion, and of my Belief.

Ans.

Arf. 'Tis not to foil, but 'tis to rectify
Your Senses that I for the Surgeon fend.

(Calling her Page, whom she orders to go for a Surgeon.)

Page. *(sur priz'd at the Ghost.)* What Sight is
this? Heaven's protect me now! *(withdraws.)*

Arf. Pray *Olympias*, do you see any Thing?

Ol. Madam, a flaming Sword before mine Eyes.

Arf. What's this! I think the People are gone
mad,

And think of nought but Phantoms and of Dreams.

Y. Ptol. *(taking his Mother by the Arm.)* Madam,
before you for the Surgeon fend,
Please come to me, and I will let you hear
And feel, and see your dear *Lyfimachus*.

Arf. Impossible! And yet to humour you
My Son I will.

*(She steps forward and seeks for the Ghost, who
retires with a Shout, and brandishes his Sword,
but is only heard by young Ptolemy.)*

Y. Ptol. *(cries out.)* My Father's gone, and hath
denounc'd a Woe,

And of his Sword, I saw the azure Flame!

Arf. Refrain my Son, I would not fear his Ghost,
Altho the same should instantly appear.

Behold my Friends, my very Bowels swell

On naming of my dear *Lyfimachus*;

For of my Youth the great Delight was he;

And of my middle Age the Life and Soul;

And now, tho' dead, the Laurel that adorns

With more than Garlands all my grayest Hairs;

I should rejoice as much as any one

To see him, but I know he can't be seen:

Will Death give up her chained Captives? Will

The Grave draw out her *Adamantine* Bars

That in eternal Prisons lock the Dead?

No!

No! No! These mighty Foes have still gone on
Conqu'ring, whole Heaps fall as they lift their Spears,
And Crouds innumerable by their Blow!

Lyfimachus remov'd from mortal Eyes,
I only see in thee his Image rise,
Thy Father as much Virtue once possess'd
As e'er adorn'd the Mansions of the Bless'd.
When living he to Virtue, Lustre gave;
His Acts tho' past, inspire still the Brave;
My Husband's gone, my Royal Consort who
Outshone the Antients and the Moderns too;
Who fill'd each publick Station with Applause;
Who judg'd his own, what was his Country's Cause;
Who taught his Enemies to revere his Sword;
'Till on his Knee his Pardon they implor'd,
He the huge Lion's Savage Fierceness broke,
And taught him to rever the human Yoke,
Is gone from Earth, nor will the circling Sun
Fetch many Courses, till I after run.
For here's the *Stygian* Law, that never he
Should leave *Elysium*, and return to me,
But I to him must go, and shall possess
Tho' plung'd in Seas of Woe, a lasting Bliss.

(*Exeunt.*)

ACT IV.

SCENE I. A Tent.

Enter Chodion, and an Ambassador from Ptolemy.

AMBASSADOR.

MY Royal Master was surpriz'd to find
Your Queen and Mistress doubted of his
Love.

Chod. 'Tis true, she has, and those of Nature too.

Amb.

Amb. That may be so, but yet I must obey,
 And my Commission faithfully discharge.
 No Reason she can give to doubt the Truth
 Of his Intention, or it's pure Design,
 Which is to serve her, and oblige her Sons :
 No Sordid Thoughts or interested Views
 Possess his gen'rous Mind, which is to share
 The Kingdom with her Sons, whom never he
 Design'd to strip of their paternal Right ;
 He now resolves to share with them his Throne,
 And afterward to leave it them entire.

Chod. If that is all, then you had best declare
 The same unto his Sister ; Lo, she comes,
 Attended by a long and pompous Train
 Of Lords and Ladies, who design to have
 Share of her Pastime and partake her Toil.
Arfinoe enters with her Attendants and Sons. The
Ambassador is introduced by Chodion.

Amb. Madam, my Royal Master sent me to
 Consult with you and proffer you his Love.

Arf. What Love, Pray Sir ! more than a Sister's
 Love ?

Amb. Madam he asks you for his Bride.

Arf. O Strange ! O Wickedness unheard before !
 The Matter is entirely new ; for who
 E'er heard a Brother seek a Sister's Bed ?

Amb. Madam, I cannot answer what you say,
 But my Commission I must here discharge.
 He bid me tell you that he is your Slave ;
 And that 'twas only to shew his Regard
 To you that ever he the Kingdom seiz'd.
 For more Conviction you may forthwith send
 One who his Oath may take, since ready he
 Is in the Sight of Gods and Men to swear
 By all the Oaths and Execrations dire,
 That can be thought on, that he is sincere.
 No more of Custom talk, it ratifies

The

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The greatest Follies, and a Bulwark is
To Superstition and it's nauseous Train.

Sel. His vile Proposal, pray Madam, reject,
Which from no Love to you or yours proceeds,
But from a Plot upon yourself and Town,
On us, your Sons, and Friends: O Treachery!

(weeps.)

(Artinoë is speechless at the Proposal, which Chondion observing, bids the Ambassador retire.)

Amb. Madam; Farewell, I wish you all Success:
If Ptolemy be your's, then you possess
What Earth or Heaven can bestow of Bliss.

(Exeunt.)

Art. *(recover'd.)* What shall I say in this my
lovely Sons?
I fear some Treachery is in the Scheme.

(Weeps.)

Hel. O trust him not! O trust not faithless Man!
Still fear a Foe, but chiefly when he brings
Presents along. Trust not unnatural Love,
For in my Sleep I saw you by his Side,
His Wife, his Sister, and his deck'd Bride.

(kneels, and wrings her Hand.)

What's more! How shall I utter what's to come?
I saw him moisten'd with your Children's Blood.

Art. Ye Gods Above! what shall I do in this?
If I to take his Oath a Person send,
I fear his Perjury shall cheat us both:
And if I send not, then his Rage I fear,
His Cruelty, and all the Wrath of Man,
With the Revenge of disappointed Love:
O! that I could among the Cattle live,
No more to see, or yet be seen by Men;
Could I a glorious Exit now obtain!

Hel. My dearest Mistress be not overcome
By the Temptations of an hard'n'd Man,
Who you and your's have stripp'd of your Crown.

G

Y. Ptol.

Y. Ptol. My Sire *Lyfimachus* appear'd, and gave
His just Advice that Reason must approve,

Arf. I did not see him, but I truly think
If ever was a Time for Ghosts to walk,
This is the Time, when Incest is propos'd;
O! wretched me, to whom the same is made.

Y. Ptol. Madam, why thus such Wonders dis-
believe?

Nature has Stores not seen by naked Eyes,
Only by Study and by Labour trac'd,
Or else by Observation just confirm'd;
You know that Hero tho' once expos'd,
And destitute of Help, was fed by Bees;
Honey was heapt about him as he lay,
And while at School, a Wolf of mighty Size,
Snatch'd off his Books before the wond'ring Sun.
When but a Youth, and entring upon War,
An Eagle crown'd his Head, an Owl his Spear:
The first shew'd forth his Conduct and his Skill,
The last portended, he should be a King.
What shall I say of *Alexander* Great?
The Night *Olympias* of him conceiv'd,
She dream'd she with two Serpents had Concourse;
Two Eagles likewise of a mighty Size
Sat on his Father's Roof the Day he breath'd.
But mind the many Omens of my Sire
Rising to Honour: Don't you know how he
Dispatch'd a Lion of portentous Bulk
By Strength, and by the better Weapon Skill?
The Lion bristled up his rugged Mane,
Gnashing his Teeth between his bloody Jaws;
His Throat inflam'd and parch'd behold him shew,
While red and fiery Eyes his Rage proclaim,
Lashing his Flanks with his encircled Tail.
Behold him muster up his Appetite,
Whetted with Prospect of the sweet Repast.

But

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But see my Father wrap a Napkin round
His Hand, and thrust it down his wid'ned Throat;
Hold fast his Tongue untill he was destroy'd:
These Things you know, and yet they seem as false
As Apparitions, or as Dreams themselves:
Let me beseech you then to fortify
Your Breast with Resolution, and to steel
Your Female Heart to his delusive Charms.

Arf. These Things I know, but cannot Dreams
believe,

And *Incest* sure portends the worst of Ills.
Wretched I! the Object of a Brother's Love,
Y. Ptol. Madam, I beg you never be engag'd
So far against us, as to mind the King,
Who snatch'd the Sceptre from *Seleucus'* Hand,
And sway'd the same without Remorse 'till now.

Arf. Be sure, his vile Proposal I abhor,
And any Message I shall send to him,
Is to abate his Cruelty and Rage
Against my Children, and against myself.

Y. Ptol. Nothing will do but giving up with him;
And I beseech that you no Message send.
Let all the Gods Above attest that I—
Dissuade you from him as the greatest Ill;
As soon may Darkness and the Light unite;
As soon may Fire gender with the Sea;
Sooner may the proud *Nile* with doubled Force
'Gainst Nature, Winds and Rains intend it's Course,
Than you can in a married State pretend
To live with him, calmly your Days to end.

Arf. What's this, what shall I do in this my
Friends?

Chod. I know not Madam, 'tis a ticklish Case,
And truly I abhor your Brother's Suit;
And yet I think it fit you one should send
To sound his Inclination, and to know

If his Proposal from his Heart proceeds;
 Which if you do not, he his Vengeance will
 Pour on your Head, and that of both your Sons.
 'Tis better then to send unto the King
 A Friend, who may dissuade him from his Scheme;
 For why should you, yourself or Sons, expose
 To Rage, or Rapine, or incensed Foes.

Ars. Well said, I send you forthwith to the King.
 And pray that you may disconcert his Scheme;
 A Scheme as black as Darknes, deep as Hell.
 Let nothing be untry'd upon your Part.
 O! summon'd Nature's Powers? O! summon'd Art
 To dull his Passions, and to rouse his Soul,
 That he the Thirst for Incest may controul,
 O join with me, invoke the Gods Above,
 To curb his Fondness, and his Aim disprove.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II. A Palace.

Enter K. Ptolemy and his Ambassador.

King P T O L E M Y.

PRAY Sir, how is my dear *Arsinoe*?

Amb. She is full well, but is surprized how
 You can propose a Marriage with her;
 By her Command I now dissuade you from
 Nuptials like these which are 'gainst Natures Laws,
 'Gainst *Solon* and *Lycurgus* Commands.

Ptol. To love a Sister Nature hath us shewn,
 Who looks on *Solon* or *Lycurgus* Laws?

Amb. Don't you love Custom and the wise Mens
 Rules?

K. Ptol. Custom gives Sanction to the worst of
 Ills;

Men were accustomed in former Times
 To live in Ignorance; Must I do so?

I know

I know the Sex's Modesty too well
To take such sham Denials: Now am I
Ready to give the most convincing Proofs
Of Love, and of the most sincere Regard.

Enter Chodion properly introduced.

K. Ptol. Chodion, Art thou come from *Arfinoe*?

Chodion. Yes Sir, I am, on Purpose to dissuade
You from a Proposition so abhor'd,
To seek a Sister for your Spouse, who was
Married; and by her Marriage, Children had.

K. Ptol. What's that you say? Do you my Love
controul?

Chod. Please know, her Friends and both her
Sons abhor

A Bargain so detestable and vile.

K. Ptol. Perhaps it is because they doubt my
Love:

Here be assured, I'm ready to confirm
My upright Mind by the most solemn Oaths,
By *Stix*, by *Lethe*, and by *Pblegethon*;
Those Rivers dreaded by the Gods themselves.
Hear me ye Gods? May I ne'er be blest,
If my dear Sister be not to my Breast,
The sweetest, dearest, everlasting Guest.
And here, before you all, my Oath I give,
Thro' all Death's Pangs I'd go, to make her live.

Enter Sosthenes.

Soft. What's this I hear, Art thou design'd to
wedd?

K. Ptol. Perhaps I am.

Soft. On whom than have you fix'd your Royal
Choice?

Ptol. On one like *Arfinoe*.

Soft. Take Care you have not fix'd it on herself:
Such

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Such Wickedness, and such unnatural Love
Hurts Earth below, and grieves the Gods Above.
Why should the *Ivy* with the *Shrub* be join'd?
Nature of All has universal Care;
Which is, that all move in their proper Sphere;
And of the dire Confusions that arise
From disregarding Order's sacred Ties.
Incest! the vilest and the worst of Crimes,
Must fill the Mind with Anguish and with Pain.

Chor. That's my Opinion also.

K. Ptol. There's nothing in it; I'm all resign'd
To both my *Nephews* and *Arfinoe*.

I don't incline to tamper any more
With you, but chuse the best and surest Way;
That is, to speak and talk with her myself:
One Hour of Conversation, by far
Excells all Letters I can write to her.

This is my Scheme, I will directly go;
So now or never must my Love succeed;
And falsly you my Doom have prophecy'd.

In this Beginning of my Suit you shew
A Figure which you ignorantly know.
Few Hours remain 'twixt me and Resting,
If I from her get not Security
That she and I have only one Design;
Then, if a Crown is aught, she shall be mine.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE III. *The Queen's Apartment.*

Enter Arfinoe, Olympias and Helen.

OLYMPIAS.

MADAM, the News I doubted is confirm'd,
That *Ptolemy* your Brother, is in Love;
For I'm inform'd, he has the same declar'd.

Arf. Too true it is. Oh! what an horrid Train
Of

Of Shame, Confusion, worse confounding Ills
 Abides so vile and impious a Love?
 O! had I not *Lyfmachus* surviv'd;
 Had the same Instant clos'd both our Eyes,
 I should not have the sad Spectator been
 Of *Ptolemy* the King's Incestuous Love:
 Proposals so detestable, never had
 Wounded mine Ears and made my Hair to stand.
 Where shall I go, or whether now retreat?
 Shall I go to the *Pole*, or the *torrid Zone*,
 And dwell with Lions in *Numidas'* Plains?
 Unhappy me, whose Sex has me detain'd
 From Flights and Journeys to most distant Climes.

(Weeps.)

O! that an Eagle would upon his Wings
 Lift me and soar toward the *Saffron East*,
 Or set me down upon the ruddy *West*,
 O! if the Deep would open wide his Shore,
 And in the gulphy Abyss suck me up,
 My Colour comes and goes! My trembling Knees
 Moves from her Channels, and my Joints are loos'd
 While I canvass the black and horrid Crime
 Wherewith he tempts my Virtue, and inclines
 To spoil that Chastity that forms my Sex.
 Can Food my Stomach longer satisfy,
 Or can my Clothes receive their wonted Heat?
 Ye Gods Above, O! how can ye behold
 And suffer Passions brutal and so vile
 As these to dwell upon your Image-Man?
 O! have the Words I innocently spoke,
 Stir'd up a brutal Passion in his Mind?
 Which has got Vent in Spight of Reason's Eyes,
 The plurgent Stings and Bars of faithful Con-
 science.

Witness ye Gods! Witness ye Heavens high!
 Witness you Earth and Air! Witness you Sea,

The

The uprightness of my deluded Mind,
 And the Integrity of my Intent,
 Which was to make him friendly to my Sons!
 But if the Tye, the Incest Tye be knit,
 Among my Sex a Proverb I become;
 What's worst rejected as the Monster dire
 Of Women, and for ever to be blam'd,
 Then are dissolv'd the shattered Remains
 Of *Ptolemy* my Brother's real Love!

Hel. Madam, your Case greatly affects my Heart,
 O! could I die for you, or for your Sons!
 What wicked Thought has seiz'd your Brother's
 Mind

To wish and to propose a Sister's Bed?
 O! can the Man's Design be truly pure?
 Surely it is not, O! how terrible
 To think on your Disaster, for what Way?
 It happens, you and yours must be undone,
 But to comply is sure the worst of Ills.

Ans. *(Still weeping.)* What shall I do, or whether
 shall I go:

How this impending Evil shall I shun?
 Bitter to me my Life will hence become;
 And my Name more than *Helen's* be abhor'd.
 She only ruin'd a youthful Prince,
 And sapp'd a City drown'd in Perjury,
 But I, a brave and mighty Hero's Name;
 Two lovely Sons, and vilify my Sex;
 Procure my Country's Ruin and my own;
 Yea, and my Brother's Ruin too.
 O! Death assist me, put into my Hand
 A fair Occasion of departing hence,
 That thus I may my Children's Fate prevent,
 And that my Name with Pleasure may be read
 By Sons unborn, 'mong Annals of the Times;
 Or like an *Ariadne* number'd be,

Among

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Among the Constellations and the Stars;
But why in fruitless Wishes spend my Time,
Fixt Virtue only can prevent the Crime,
Which if committed, I will ruin'd be
In Time, and even to Eternity;
By late Posterity I will be blam'd,
And with Abhorrence be hereafter nam'd;
Abhor'd by Men, and by the Gods Above,
And left to feast on Incest's brutal Love.
Ye Gods Above divert my Brother's Mind
Toward an Object of another Kind.

Exeunt

S C E N E IV. *A Chamber.*

Enter Chodion, and Ambassador from King Ptolemy,

Amb. Chodion what News, how is your Mistress Queen?

Chod. She's very ill, and much abhors the Scheme
Which you propos'd to her sometime ago;
And I abhor the Scheme as much as she.

Amb. I frankly own that I abhor it too,
But since the King is come, I must approach
The Queen, and tell her of his coming here.

Chodion introduc'd to the Queen.

Chod. The King is here, who with most solemn
Oaths,
Has testify'd his great Regard to thee;
And thee to wed, he fully is resolv'd;

Arf. No sure! such Love is most unnatural!
Besides before the Morning Dawn appear'd,
About the Time *Bootes* turn'd the Plough,
I saw the King kill *Ptolemy* my Son;
Surprize and Horror seize me while I speak,
And was I sure the Thing would happen so,

H

Nor

Nor Gods nor Men should make me wed the King.

Now I begin to hate him, for I feel

A wild Remorse to think of such a Love:

Fire when hottest then begins to cool,

Unless made hotter which can hardly be,

And like this Heat so is the Love of Men.

Amb. Pray Madam, don't depend on empty Dreams,

On the Blood's State they solely do depend;

Why with your Brother will you break, he is

The warmest Lover, and the best of Kings.

Arf. Dreams in themselves are nothing, but shall I

Reject the Counsels of my Sons and Friends,

Of Priests, of Conscience, and of Nature too?

How can a Brother seek a Sister's Bed?

Amb. Well may he, since the Mother of Man-kind

Was married to her Brother and her Sire.

Arf. Know Sir, that then no Woman living was

To be assisting to one only Man;

By him she had not procreated been,

In the same Womb she had not been conceiv'd.

Besides you know the first Fruit of their Loins

A Parricide the bloody *Cain* was;

A 'vengeful Mark was set upon his Brow;

Scourge upon Scourge severely lash'd his Mind;

Sting upon Sting pierc'd thro' each hidden Part;

And he a Monster 'mong his Species was.

I fear my Brother *Ptolemy* designs

To strip me and my Sons of the Remains

Of my Realm, I therefore him reject;

Why should I blot *Lyfimachus's* Name,

By one rash Act condemn my Husband's Fame?

Why leave my Children and forthwith become

A Monster dire among all Women-kind? (*weeps.*)

Amb. Speak no more so, for *Ptolemy* is here;

Lo, he advances, and you must abide.

Enter

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Enter King Ptolemy.

K. Ptol. Hail my dear Sister, Darling of my
 Hopes,
 The Sum of all my Wish, my Life, my Soul;
 Why so distrustful of me, and my Love?
 Why should an ugly Band of gloomy Fears
 Besiege your Mind and smother your Desires;
 Pretences I abhor; a real Love
 Is all the Pole by which my Course I steer;
 Of *Macedon* you henceforth shall be Queen;
 Your Children shall be mine, and I am your's;
 None of my Bed shall share except yourself;
 And now I'm ready to confirm my Love
 By all the Oaths that Gods themselves can
 frame.

Ans. I with your Project so confounded am
 That scarce my fault'ring Tongue can make reply.

*Arfinoe desires K. Ptolemy to withdraw, upon which
 Y. Ptolemy enters.*

Y. Ptol. Madam believe him not, for can you
 think
 That Imprecations are the Tokens sure
 Of generous Affection, and of Love?
 How did old *Sinan* seal with solemn Oaths
 His Hatred to *Ulysses*, while he was
 Deluding *Priam* with a false Pretence,
 Exerting black Designs against the King,
 His City, Queen, his Soldiers and his Sons!
 You know th' Event, let not your female Mind
 Be won by Oaths, these dire Engines of Fraud
 Be sure that Oaths are not th' Effect of Love;
 His Arguments are only such as should
 Prevail with you to hate the Man the more.
 I then conjure you by *Lysimachus*,

That

That Friend of *Alexander* nam'd the Great,
 Who shar'd his Labours and his Midnight Toils;
 His Fights, his Conquests, Triumphs and his Fame,
 Which his extended Arm so much procur'd.

I by the num'rous Qualms of ten long Months
 And Labour, which you for me have endur'd,
 And by these snowy Breasts I suckled long;
 By all a Mother's Pangs and Toils I pray,
 And by my Tears which are so seldom shed; (*kneels.*)
 By the Regard due to an elder Son,
 By the Regard to Country and to Friends,
 And what is more, I by the Gods themselves
 Conjure you, and your Love toward the King,
 Reject his Suit, confound not Names and Things;
 For if you headlong run into the Scheme,
 Naught can atone, unless Almighty *Jove*
 Descend, as once he did from Heaven high,
 Become a Man, and for the Incest die!
 The Sun himself will be asham'd to shine,
 Or view the Place where the dire Knot was ty'd;
 Did not the Goodness of the Gods prevent
 I'm sure that Nature would evanish soon;
 Hills, Rocks and Mountains with the Seas would

roar,

And all Things to their former Chaos turn;
 An Angel from above the spangled Sky,
 Powder'd with Stars will instantly descend,
 And riding swiftly on the *Southern* Wind
 Will meet the *North* in azure Chariots drawn,
 Driving *Vulcano's* Hurricanes and Storms,
 Sink Hills in Vales, and suck the Ocean dry,
 But should the Gods defer the Punishment,
 More heavily it will strike when it falls,

(*Withdraws weeping, as does Arsinoe, which he observing returns.*)

Y. Ptol. Unhappy Day that ever I was born!

O! What

O! What a Storm of Evil lies before
 Mine Eyes, that will in Time most heavily
 On *Macedon* fall for my Uncle's Crime.
 Methinks I see *Philip* subdu'd and all
 The *Grecian* Cities and their Chiefs combine
 Against his Person, Dignity and Crown.
 Methinks I see a mighty *Cato's* Son
 Engaging boldly 'midst an Host of Foes,
 Baffling each Weapon and each nervous Arm
 Amidst th' embattled *Macedonian* Bands;
 Killing and wounding all who him surround.
 Methinks I see a *Perseus* in Chains
 With all his Children, Troops, his Queen, his Court
 Conducted fetter'd nigh the Chariot Wheels,
 Adorning Triumphs of the haughty *Rome*.
 O! can the Sun behold so vast a Crime,
 Or can the Moon continue in her Orb?
 Shall Nature coolly see her Laws despis'd?
 Will she survive the dismal Act? or will
 She yet continue to shew forth the Praise
 Of him, who fram'd her, and whose awful Sword
 Will Vengeance take upon the guilty Pair?
 Methinks I see Vengeance and *Jove* in Ire,
 Darting their Bolts around pregnant with Fire.
 O! how can I behold the thick'ning Storm
 Ready to burst upon the Head of her
 Who gave me Being, and who brought me forth,
 The Stain thrown on my Royal Father's Name,
 With that Deluge of Shame and growing Ills
 That hangs upon my Brother and on me.
 Come Death, thou that so many Weapons hast
 Send me but one from thy great Arsenal:
 From Trouble and from Pain O! set me free,
 Thou that so oft' delivered the Poor,
 Friend to the weary and oppress'd with Care,
 O! come to me, and ease me of my Pain.
 Shall

54. A R S T N O E,

Shall I myself be now the Instrument
And Way, by which I shall advance to thee?
How glorious to die when Life is Pain,
To long so much for Immortality
As briskly on a Point to hasten to it.

(lays bold on his Sword.)

Enter the Guardian, who seizes the Sword Arm.

Guard. What's this you say; you do not fear to
die

Brave Youth, but let your Uncle bear the Blame;
Fill up the Sum of all his Guilt and Crimes;
When you was young, I you Injunctions gave,
And shall at present freely speak my Mind.
If Foes of outward Comforts thee deprive,
Why should they strip thee of the nobler Joy
That flow from acting up to Reason's Rules,
And from a peaceful Conscience are supply'd?
On Recollection you will soon discern
That *Suicide* opposes Reason's Beams.
O! what is Man if he can't bear the Storm
Of adverse Fortune, and commit his Life
To Heaven's Care amidst a World's Pangs:
Weakness by this would foil the Strength of Man,
O! why should Passion, Reason overcome?
Why should thy Fury sink into Despair,
Should Courage into Ostentation rise,
Or Madness th' unaccountable Effect
Of heated Brains and violent Religion.
Calmness I think becomes the Gods Above!

Y. Ptol. Well said, my *Guardian*, still your Words
instruct;

I will be calm as Gods; I Patience will
Call forth, and by this divine Weapon, I
Will baffle Fortune and her ghastly Frowns.
By this of Things I'll scorn the gloomy View;
By this I'll stem the Torrent of Despair,

If I none other Comfort have, I will
 Have this, that V my Mother's Fall oppos'd,
 And the most glorious Conquest have obtain'd,
 Conquer'd myself and all wild Passions Strings.
 This Joy on Earth with Reason I expect,
 But more Above where I my Steps direct.
 In this Abode, I justly may pretend
 What's here, defective, there shall never End.
 By Virtues Steps, I'll leave this earthly Home,
 From Orb to Orb I'll climb the highest Dome,
 And thus like to the Sun, all Eye become.
 (*Exit perfectly serene.*)

ACT V.

SCENE I. A Tent.

Enter Ambassador and Chodion.

CHODION.

PRAY Sir, what News from the late Interview,
 For *Ptolemy* the King at first retir'd,
 And then his Sister, whom her Son deterr'd
 And frightned by his Counsels and his Dreams,
 Then *Ptolemy* her Son I met, and he
 In mournful Accents told me All was gone!

Amb. I know not Sir, but here comes one who
 knows.

Enter Sothhenes.

Amb. What wild Concern dwells on thy silent
 Brow?

Methinks I see an Earth of brooding Cares
 Sit on thy Features.

Soft. O! what Floods of Grief
 Now thro' an House, a Tribe, a Kingdom flow,
 And

And further spread ; my Soul with Horror fill
My vital Warmth, like freezing Waters chill.

Chod. You greatly pain me, pray what is the
Case?

Soft. How can I tell it, how can I rehearse
Such Treachery, such Sacrilege and Blood!

Amb. What was it, pray what is it?

Soft. *Ptolemy* the King, was wedded to the Queen
Two Days ago, but who can tell the rest?

Chod. Pray don't make us uneasy.

Soft. To hear the rest, will but torment the more.

Amb. That's nothing, let me hear what e'er it be.

Soft. Since you are so desirous, I will:

Just as the wicked Nuptials finish'd were,
The Bride (O! sacred Name) invited him
To come toward her City and her Seat ;
What Tongue the fatal End can well express.
Her Sons came forth with Crowns upon their Heads,
To meet and welcome in their King, their Sire :
In Violation of his solemn Oaths,
He pull'd the Crowns from off their beauteous
Heads,

And order'd them directly to be kill'd :
His Heart was steel'd to the most piercing Crys.

Chod. But pray Sir, were they truly murdered?

Soft. I know not that, but tell you what I saw.

Amb. But what's come of the Queen *Arsinoe*?

Soft. I cannot tell, her Groans he too despis'd,
And to what Clime, or to what distant Soil
I can't declare ———

Amb. ——— I'm sorry for her Case.

O! have I any room to hope the best ;
I know that *Ptolemy* sometimes takes Whims,
Tho' still his Love substantially remains ;
But if this dreadful Action he has wrought,
Then sure the Powers of Nature will combine

To

To punish such a complicated Crime,
 Eternal Pangs will follow those of Time.
 I cannot rest untill I know what's done,
 Unto the Queen, and to her lovely Son.

(Exit.)

Scene changes into a Prison, wherein is Arlinoe in Mourning.

Arf. What shall I say! my Sons! my lovely Sons
 Are murder'd by the base incestuous Hand
 Of him, who lately join'd in nuptial Ties
 With me, against my Reason and my Friends,
 And 'gainst *Lyfmachus's* Counsels too!
 How shall I answer these, these must attest
 My wounded Spirit, and my pierced Heart!
 O! could the Rocks upon my Essence fall
 And hide from me that vast enlarging Glass,
 Which paints my Crimes in Colours magnify'd,
 But why do I say magnify'd! since these
 When painted truest, then appear the worst.
 How has my female Soul been thus defil'd
Ptolemy my Husband and my Brother too,
 To shew this vast Affection, bid me crown
 My Children; but Oh! what a Gulph of Fraud
 Lay in his savage Heart conceal'd in Store!
 As they came forth to meet him, he address'd
 And sooth'd them with Expressions like to these,
 "My dearest Children, and my Nephews too,
 Joy of my Wishes and Hope of Years,
 My lovely Boys, see *Macedonia* gives
 Laws to the Universe, and I to her
 You shall to me, for you I it retain.

Enter Chodion

Chod. O! woful Day, that I should see thee
 My Queen, my Mistress, and my Patroness.

(Retires behind her.)

Arf.

Arf. Don't interrupt, but let me open wide
 My wounded Heart: A wounded Heart reveal'd
 Is forthwith eas'd and triumphs o'er it's Pain.
 He with these Words carress'd my Sons, and then
 Advanc'd toward the Town and Palace Gate;
 Against their Wills he lean'd upon their Necks,
 And then gave Orders that they should be seiz'd:
 My trembling Heart breaks as I speak th' Event.
 Hearing their Crys, I from my Palace flew,
 And thus spake to him on my bended Knees:
 What have I done! O Gods supream what! I O
 Have against you, and against Nature sin'd;
 Against my Sons, and Justice fierce pursues;
 O! *Ptolemy*, what's this, what's this you do?
 Of my dear Sons, art thou the Murderer?
 What have you suckt some savage Lionsess,
 Or drunk the Poison of a venom'd Asp?
 Or drunk the Fierceness of a ravenous Wolf?
 I beg by Gods Above and Men below;
 I beg by Earth, Seas, and the Elements;
 By all the natural Bonds between us fixt;
 And by the recent Ties and Oaths you took,
 Not not to hurt them: If your savage Mind
 Be bent on Blood, O! glut your Vengeance here.
 (points to her Breast.
 Incest lies heavy on me, and the Crime
 Of Murder now accompanies my Sin.
 But Oh! what Answer gave he to my Cries,
 Know now, said he, I scorn your female Prayers,
 Your Incest makes me Proof against your Tears.
 Had you been good, your Cries had then been heard.
 My Interest is all I shall look to:
 Thus said, he gave the execreable Sign
 To kill my Sons, which instantly was done.
 Amidst their Cries join'd to a Mother's Tears;
 And to this Prison, I am now confin'd;
 And what is worse by far I still survive!

A T R A G E D Y. 590

I, of my Parents may call up the Ghost,
 And own I forfeited a Daughter's Name,
 A Wife, a Mother's, and a Sister's too;
 And lost the Badge and Signal of my Sex;
 That is, I lost Affection for my Sons:
 I broke thro' Laws and Custom's sacred Bonds.
(Stretching out her Hands in an Agony which are chain'd,
 O! monstrous Crime, whence came I! where am I!
 One Death is too too small for such a Fault.
 O! am I in a Trance, or in a Dream?
 Am I awake, or weep the mortal Sin?
 O! had it not been better to have plung'd
 Into the Ocean and traverse it thro',
 Could I the cruel Parricide but see,
 I would cut cut his Tongue and both his Eyes:
 I would cut off that cruel Hand which join'd
 With me and snatch'd away my Sons and Virtue;
 All Punishment is small, too small for him,
 And for me too, who did admit his Love,
(faints, and is carried away to her Cell.
 Chodion. What moving Shrieks of late have
 reach'd my Ears!
 Ye Gods! what Wickedness and heinous Guilt
 Have lately been committed by my Means:
 My Mind insensible was stupify'd,
 Or easily I had foreseen the Ill:
 For while his right was join'd in her right Hand,
 As they before the sacred Altar stood,
 Omen on Omen spoke the dire Event;
 Th' unlucky Crow sat chatt'ring on the Roof;
 Thunder on Thunder burst, proclaiming Ill:
 Sometime before, as I am well assur'd,
 The Sun in dusky Hue did oft' appear;
 Nor e'er so thick did baleful Comets blaze;
 Earth yawn'd, the Ocean roar'd, and Mountains
 rend.

The very Day the fatal Knot was ty'd,
 No Beast would taste the Grass, or touch the Stream:
 Incest the Mother of the worst of Ills
 First came, then cruel Murder follow'd close;
 Nothing can expiate this Guilt of mine,
 In having any Hand to join the Pair.

(going forward.)
 Ye Powers Above, why Mortals thus despise?
 Why take from us so great, so rich a Prize?
 Why thus pollute the Ground with human Gore;
 Let Vengeance breathe, and burst at ev'ry Pore?
 O! wretched me, that join'd the nuptial Tie
 Which can't be broke, but for it now I die.

(Stabs himself.)

SCENE II. A Tent.

Enter Ambassador and Sothenes

Amb. What Storms are swelling in my wounded
 Mind!

What Pangs of Rage, of Horror and of Shame,
 Boil in my Breast to think of *Ptolemy*,
 In ev'ry rushing Wind, I hear the Cries,
 Of Queen *Arfinoe*, and of her Sons.

Soft. Whose Fate I know. But what's come of the
 King.

Amb. You know, the warlike Troops of Gaul
 advanc'd

From *Greece* to *Italy*, and conquer'd *Rome*;
 Having subjected Monarchs to their Sway,
 The Force of Armies sounded in each Name;
 They sent to *Ptolemy*, and proffer'd Peace;
 His Warlike Mind, their Proffer did disdain,
 What's this said he; I do not fear the Gauls!
 Will Swarms of Magpies terrify or fear.

The

A T R A G E D Y. 61

The Sons of *Macedonia*, who subdu'd
 The Globe, tho' Thousands meet our Hundreds. I
 Will upon *Alexander's* Sword depend,
 And never doubt of Conquest by his Name.
 The *Macedonians* almost equalled
 In bloody Fields, the dreadful God of War.
 If but ten *Macedonians* join with me,
 I would meet all the Force that *Gaul* can shew:
 For what is Man, if Death can him deter
 From great Exploits, the Fruit and Spoil of War?
 No *Gaul* shall me affright, I'll nobly die,
 'Mong Gods triumphant enter home with I.
 My Country's Cause I judge my own, and now,
 Hear me ye Powers Above, and Powers below.
 Hear me you Earth, and Gods to whom I bow.
 My Country's Welfare shall employ my Care;
 My Aims, my Wishes all shall center there.

Soft. 'Twas nobly said?

Amb. The rest, what Tongue can tell?
 Infatuation seized to his Mind,
 That from the *Dardans* he refused Aid,
 And thus address'd them in an haughty Tone:
 What great Assurance, thus to proffer Help
 To *Alexander's* Sons, to Arms inu'd.
 Such Proffers but intimidate the Brave;
 And if by Cowardice your Troops are rais'd,
 Think not t' infect my Army with the same;
 Only poor *Poltrons* for Assistance send;
 Cowards you are, I hate a Coward's Name
 To join with Cowards is eternal Shame.
 And when he heard that fifty thousand Men
 Were at his Door, he straight went out to them;
 Address'd his Soldiers in such Words as these:
 To Arms, to Arms, this Sword shall work it's Way
 To Conquest and to Triumph.

(brandishes his Sword.)
 But

But soon were these defeated, while the King
 Was taken Prisoner, and ordered
 To Punishment in this ingratul Strain:
 Incestuous Parricide and Murderer;
 Behold the Justice of the Gods Above.
 Your Schemes are baffled with your whole Efforts;
 Your Incest and our Crimes have reach'd our Ears;
 In Steps of Perfidy you always trod;
 Blood, Rapine follow'd with dire Cruelty,
 And now your just Reward you must receive:
 And soon before a Judge you shall appear,
 Where neither Craft or Artifice avails;
 And to confirm you, see, behold his Head.

(Enter some Soldiers, one of whom carries his Head on a Pole, and leaves it standing in a Place fit for the Purpose; on which one of Solthenes's Attendants says.

Att. How fatal! thus, to lose our Children dear,
 And Wives, in Terrors for our richest Towns.
 But greater Loss to loose an honest Name.
 O! could I summon *Alexander's* Ghost,
 Or yet remind my Friends of *Philip's* Fame,
 That once resounded thro' the *East*, and made
 Whole Armies fly before it. How can I
 Think that these Heroes, if they should appear
 Would aid incestuous Murderers and Fools!
 What Ruin from our King's unworthy Crime
 Have fallen on our Wives, and Children dear.
 Let this be never heard throughout the Streets
 Of *Greece* and of *Lutetia's* lofty Walls,
 Lest the *Barbarian* Ladies should rejoice,
 And for our Fall set up a Voice of Triumph.

Soft. Forbear, my Friends, renown'd in Arms for-
 bear
 To blame the fatal Accidents of War.
 Actions must right us, and a brisk Return
 To Virtue. Why weep o'er the silent Urn.

What

A T R A G E D Y. 63

What fatal Ills from dire Ambition rise !
Witness the dreadful Sight before our Eyes.
• O fatal Thirst of Power ! O wretched Heat,
• Only destructive to the Brave and Great.
Had *Ptolemy* observed Natures Laws ;
Had known his own, or yet his Country's Cause ;
As Reason taught, he had the Passion foil'd
Which us of him, and him of Life has spoil'd,
(*Exeunt omnes.*)

F I N I S.

